

# THE LITERARY CASKET:

## DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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### REFLECTOR.

#### THE FAITHFUL MINISTER.

There is no man on earth whom I regard with so much reverence, as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.—He comes with no splendid retinue to dazzle the senses; he bears no sceptre, to awe me into terror, he possesses none of this world's wealth, or power, and in the endowments of genius he is perhaps inferior to a multitude of my acquaintances:—yet whenever I behold his features, hallowed as they are with the light of holiness, I am compelled to be solemn under the impressions which I feel, and humble for the greatness of the contrast between himself and me.

Dark is my eye to the beauties of religion, I perceive in his countenance an expression of benevolence, humility and meekness which no hypocrisy can counterfeit. Men of the world when admitted to the audience with the king's return with a look of greater pride but this man, who holds daily intimate communion with the king of heaven, seems verily to regard himself as a miserable sinner! There is not a beggar in all his parish, nor in the world, with whom he would not rejoice to converse familiarly upon the interest of the soul. No insult can excite him to anger for he considers him who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself, though Lord of all. The chamber of sickness is no stranger to his footsteps,—for he remembers that the redemption of the soul is precious, and at death ceases forever. In the house of mourning and cottage of poverty—whenever the voice of affliction is heard—there you may find him, administering the consolations of religion to those who are entitled to them; and inviting those who are not, to taste and see that the Lord is good.

His anxiety is not for earthly distinctions, or earthly pleasures. All these he leaves to the multitudes who choose them, alas! as their chief good. His eye looks far beyond. Other scenes open before him; other hopes and other joys. Often from his secret retirement does the fervent prayer arise,

"Call me away from flesh and sense."

And when he beholds the prosperity of the wicked—proud of their ill-gotten wealth, and forgetting God in the profusion of His mercies—his heart exclaims, what he would hardly dare to pronounce in words.

"Your heaps of glittering gold are yours,  
And my Redeemer's mine."

May such a minister ever be my portion. May he stand by my bed, and utter the last funeral prayer over my dust. And may those who know not the blessedness of such a counsellor and guide, learn it by sweet experience ere they pass to that bourne whence no traveller returns.

It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation—it summons you in these hours when the leaves fall & the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation.

#### THE LAST LEAF OF THE FOREST.

##### A FRAGMENT.

It was the end of autumn, and my foot rested among the dead leaves that strewed the path. I cast my eyes up to an aged oak, that stretched its giant limbs in many a fantastic form over my head. It was the lord of the forest. I looked at it again, and again; one leaf still remained on one sole hanging branch; it struggled in vain to get free. A fresher gust of wind came up the valley—the tiny footstalk gave way—it separated from the branch, and the last leaf of the forest fell at my feet. I gazed at it half sorrowfully; it was not like its companions that lay near; no, it was still fresh as the greenest leaf in spring. The brown tints of autumn had not yet mellowed its vivid colouring; it seemed as if cut off in its prime; different, far different, from those faded trophies of summer which lay around me. Unconsciously, I fell into a train of thought that was sad even to mournfulness. I took the leaf in my hand, and exclaimed aloud, "Too true a smile, the last flower of the castle, and the last leaf of the forest, have both departed in vernal freshness, alike blooming, and lovely. I had now reached an open part of the forest which commanded an extensive prospect over the valley; a dim and indistinct object met my view; it wound round a little wooden promontory, and again I plainly saw it. Too well I knew what the sad procession was, the plumes of white feathers danced in the beams of the morning sun as if in mockery of the sombre object that bore them. It was the hearse that conveyed the relics of Ellen, the last flower of the castle, to her long home. \* \* \* The only remaining child of a numerous family was regarded by her doting parents with no ordinary affection; but the fell disease, Consumption, came—it breathed on Ellen's face—and the last blossom was gathered to her fathers. The sad procession arrived at the church. I joined the train of mourners—a few moments pause ensued, broken only by the sobs of the wretched father. The solemn and impressive service commenced—the corpse was lowered into the tomb—I was near it—the leaf fell from my hand—the earth rattled on the coffin—the last flower of the castle and the last leaf of the forest, reposed in the same grave.

### THE ESSAYIST.

#### POVERTY.

How many shrink into the sordid hut  
Of cheerless poverty?

Many a benevolent reader, has, doubtless, relieved the poor strangers, who sell "brooms" about our metropolis; and purchased, for an humble, well meaning heart, more pleasure, with the profits of a penny, than gold could obtain for numbers far less deserving. These honest, weather beaten traders come from Germany and the Netherlands; they come from a country severely visited by distress, to a land whose industry Providence has amply blessed, to seek that provision they cannot

obtain at home—to lay by a little store to support them through a hard and lengthened winter. The distress, which the late inundations in their part of Europe have spread around them, has this year forced an increased number to our shores, to make, perhaps, too large demands upon the goodness of the humane; to whom, as a small return, I will offer a little story, of which one of these poor women is the subject. The scene was painted by a traveller, and we will describe it in his own expressions.—

About three leagues from Dunkirk, I stopped to refresh my horse, at a little auberge—a place where "*on vend a boire*." When I entered the low dark room, I was struck with the group it contained. Beside the fire, whose crackling thorns blazed beneath a large black pot, containing the family soup, stood the landlady, looking any thing but easy with her situation; half en deavouring, half reluctant, to retain a man who seemed anxious to leave her. This man was a "doctor,"—a tall, gaunt representation of humanity, who, to his blue trowsers, and blue cap, had, it being a professional visit, superadded a grey surcoat. He told my landlady, "*il n'en pouzait rien*"—"he had no time, he must go." Her husband stood by the window, but he interfered not. He raised his night cap, he looked at his field, he whiffed his three-inch pipe. One alone seemed moved. It was the servant girl; she went to the stable with a tear in her eyes, saying to herself, "*la pauvre femme mourra*." There is a sympathy between the humblest souls. This raised my curiosity, and I followed the girl into the stable. At the farther end, laying upon some straw, I saw one of the poor "*buy a broom*" visitors of my native country, whose thin pale face, was lit with a smile the moment the girl entered, and she thanked her for the water she had brought her, with those "*remerciements*," which came from the heart, and which chord with the expression of the voice and eyes. But when she saw me, her face altered. She shook her head, and said, with a mixture of anger and despondency, "I want no doctor—I have no money to pay a doctor. Our Father, who is in heaven, will give a poor woman her health again." I endeavoured to explain to her, that I was not a doctor, and did not want to be paid, but was willing to assist her, "*pour l'amour de Dieu*," but no, she would not hear, she turned away; the landlady who had now entered the stable, seemed to me very far from seconding my efforts. After a little time, however, the poor woman addressed me; either wanting some one with whom she might converse—as her mistress had found something "*better*" for the servant girl to do; or believing that I really pitied her, she told me, in broken English, she wished we were alone. This I quickly made my landlady understand, and which she as slowly set about obeying, till I thought of ordering her to prepare for dinner, when she disappeared as rapidly as a dainty before an epicure.

When we were left alone, as my eye overran the dark and dirty hole I was sitting in, we entered into conversation, the poor woman's weak voice being con-

stantly drowned in the noises around us, the screeching wheel of the draw-well, the cackle of the poultry, the oaths of the busy, and the laugh of the idle. From what I could hear, I learnt she was in distress, and she could see that I pitied her. Communication begat confidence, confidence aroused feeling, the flush spread upon my cheek, the tear stood in her eye.

She gave me her history and motive for leaving her native land. She was a widow, whom misfortune had left, very, very poor. But as she knew industry could alone support herself and children, her mind was anxious to find the best way of employing her time; for in her country, she said, "the scrap of pity" not the poor laws, supports the indigent. With this view, she left the village of her youth, her beloved Germany, and travelled on foot the whole distance of the Netherlands, till she arrived at Calais, where, having begged a passage over the channel, she had toiled along the chalky roads of Kent, till she came to London. There after some months of the closest economy, or rather, privation, joined with the most indefatigable industry, she at length realized several pounds, and with this she was hastening back to her home and children, the happiest woman, as she told me, that ever breathed the air of Germany. For she said she could contrive with what she had raised to buy a cow, to nourish her younger children through the winter, and to marry her eldest daughter, who had tended them during her absence.

The hope of rendering those happy, who were the only treasures she had in this world, and whom she had not seen for so many long days, made her heart beat so lightly it was not a little that could have damped it; but the exactions, she had met with, at Dover and Calais, had so reduced her stock, that it quite sunk her spirits. She could not see her little ones want, she could not see her daughter go unrewarded, nor would the season permit her to return and repair her losses.—What must be done? She would beg her way home. But little, indeed is frequently the pittance of the poor. And when she arrived at the spot where I found her, she sunk, exhausted with want and fatigue.

Here the landlady did not like to receive her, and the doctor would not speak without his fee, but "she trusted," she said, "in Heaven." I ordered her to be taken care of, and having made her happy by making up her loss, I sat down to dinner, reflecting, that one, who filled the same rank in creation, would pass the plains of Waterloo, feeling more real happiness, from the advantages she had derived by the possession of a few crowns, than many who had there wasted an immensity of life and treasure, could ever hope to enjoy.

The following "Critical Reflections on STYLE," by the late Dr. LADD, we have been requested to publish for the benefit of some of those writers who have made the "Literary Casket" a medium of communicating their thoughts:

The general depravation of style, which distinguishes so many English writers of modern date, must afford matter of serious alarm to the real philologist. By men of the first reputation, sound has been substituted for sense, and tinsel for ornament. And we may anticipate a melancholy period, when the original end of writing shall be known only by the historic page. It is true, there are writers still, who consider the communication of ideas as a primary object; but by far the greater number are absorbed in the structure of sentences. We may call them the style builders of the age. Their manner is loose, florid and pompous, to the last degree.—Their sentences are filled with sounding epithets, and periodized with the greatest harmony; but look not in

their works, O reader, for ideas; the hapless authors never possessed them.

The celebrated *Hervey* appears to be the leader of the florid; *Dr. Johnson*, of the bombastic style. They have both had their share in the perversion of taste; and our present manner seems a compound of both.—I have formerly mentioned *Hervey*, with perhaps too much severity, as a writer of no genius. The sallies of imagination which are sometimes found in his works, have occasioned me in some measure to retract that opinion. His genius is notwithstanding trivial and cold; his manner perfectly disgusting. He is followed by a mob of admirers, and the vulgar take pleasure in his style. But the crowd of epithets, the pompous affectation, the tinsel description, and the continued swell of turgid, poetical diction, though dazzling to the vulgar, is intolerable to the reader of real taste.

"All glares alike, without distinction gay."

The great secret of writing, as in painting, seems to consist in a regular and proper disposition of ornament. The painter could not be acknowledged an artist, without a proper knowledge of lights and shades. Nor is it possible for a writer who is always on stilts, to be otherwise than tediously disgusting. The Greek and Roman orators were so sensible of this important secret, that in their public declamations they descended frequently to the meanest style. They by these means gave more strength to every emphatic page; commanded more paths; and made their conspicuous ornaments, where ornaments were requisite, appear to the greatest advantage.

*Dr. Johnson*, (setting aside his great popularity) was a more dangerous writer than *Hervey*. *Hervey* gave an example for bad style; *Johnson* corrupted the language. Though *Hervey* was faulty in manner, his matter was generally English; but it would puzzle an *Edipus* to discover the language of *Johnson*. *Hervey* decorates the most awful subjects with a florid poetical style; while *Johnson* stalks amidst trifles, in all the majesty of bombast.

Critics have been ever of opinion, that frivolous subjects require a light gay manner; custom has established the rule, and it has been sanctioned by writers of the first character. But *Johnson's* bagatelles are dressed in the dignity of metaphysics. That pedantic genius treats the toilet and the tea table, in the same stiff solemn manner with *Descartes* explaining the nature and seat of the soul; and his periodical *Ramblers*, like the voyages of *Abouffauris*, are all "great, magnificent and unintelligible."

From the union of the florid and bombastic manner, is formed the style which at present obtains. This we would choose to call, by way of distinction, the frothy manner; and is what modern writers have an idea, when they speak of a sublime style; a style as far different from sublimity in writing, as tinsel is different from bullion; or as the mock majesty of the theatre differs from the grandeur of imperial magnificence.—The pestiferous writings of *Johnson*, *Hervey*, *Akenside*, *Shafesbury*, and other frothy writers, have introduced this false sublime; have perverted our taste; corrupted our style; and weakened, by the glitter of false ornaments, the native energy of true English manner. There is a species of composition which has not a little assisted in the introduction of this corrupt taste. Here we may comprehend all productions in what is called the oriental style: This consists of a forced, unnatural idiom, swelled with epithets, similes, and the most florid description; but is no more the oriental manner, than the style I am at present writing; for the language of eastern writers, is the language of simplicity itself.

The celebrated *Dr. Blair* has very clearly marked the difference of true and false sublime. A long quotation from his lectures will require no apology, as it is judicious and entertaining; and at the same time throws a strong light upon what I have before advanced.—"As for what is called the sublime style, (says the Doctor) it is for the most part a very bad one; and has no relation whatever to the real sublime. Persons are apt to imagine, that magnificent words accumulate epithets and a certain swelling kind of expression, by raising above what is usual or vulgar, contributes to or even forms the sublime. Nothing can be more false. In all the instances of sublime writing which I have given, nothing of this kind appears. 'God said, let there be light, and there was light.' This is striking and sublime. But put it into what is called the sublime style: 'The sovereign arbiter of nature, by the potent energy of a

single word, commanded the light to exist;' and as *Boileau* has well observed, the style indeed is raised, but the thought is fallen. In general, in all good writing, the sublime lies in the thought, not in the words; and when the thought is truly noble, it will, for the most part, clothe itself in a native dignity of language. The sublime, indeed, rejects mean, low, or trivial expressions; but is equally an enemy to such as are turgid. The main secret of being sublime, is to say great things in few and plain words. It will be found to hold, without exception, that the most sublime authors are the simplest in their style; and wherever you find a writer, who affects a more than ordinary pomp and parade of words, and is always endeavouring to magnify his subject by epithets, there you may immediately suspect, that, feeble in sentiment, he is studying to support himself by mere expression." Thus far *Dr. Blair*.

*Mr. Burgoyne*, a gentleman better distinguished by his pen than his sword, has attempted to introduce this false sublime into the business of common life. The language of the bar, noted as a dry jargon, shines in his page, with epithets, similes, metaphors, and all the glitter of the frothy style. But of all productions in the sublime style, nothing for sublimity of nonsense exceeds his famous proclamation. "In consciousness of christianity, my royal master's clemency, and the honour of soldiery, I have dwelt upon this invitation; and have wished for more persuasive terms, to give it impression." What rotundity of period! What beauty of expression is here! A fox coming into a carver's shop, was struck with admiration at a head the artist had just finished. Beautiful head! exclaimed the fox, what a pity it is thou art destitute of brains!

This false taste, like an epidemic contagion, has infected the whole system of literature. Few are the writers of eminence, who have been able to avoid its influence. To stem the torrent of popular applause, requires a degree of fortitude almost super human; a fortitude, with which authors are seldom acquainted. The correct, the elegant *Robinson*, with sorrow we are obliged to observe, is not untainted. Even he has in some instances, given us example of false ornament. But may the eye of criticism be ever partial to her fillings; for with him our language shall live, when the authors of *Ramblers* and *Meditations* shall slumber in oblivion.

At present, this alarming revolution of our taste seems to be making hasty strides in common life. There are few readers who think a writer tolerable, that is not magnificent. Overseers write florid letters to their employers; and men in business publish sublime advertisements!

## HISTORY.

### THE INDIAN PROPHECY.

Extracts from the "Recollections of Washington," a new work, by George W. P. Custis, Esq. of Arlington.

It was in 1772, that Col. Washington accompanied by Dr. James Craik, and a considerable party of hunters, woodsmen and others, proceeded to the Kenhawa with a view to explore the country, and make surveys of extensive and valuable bodies of lands. At that time of day, the Kenhawa was several hundred miles remote from the frontier settlements, and only accessible by Indian paths, which wound through the passes of the mountains.

In those wild and unfrequented regions, the party formed a camp, on the bank of the river, consisting of rudely constructed wigwags or shelters, from which they issued to survey and explore their alluvial tracts, now forming the most fertile and best inhabited parts of the West of Virginia.

This romantic camp, though far removed from the home of civilization, possessed very many advantages. The great abundance of various kinds of game, in its vicinity, afforded a sumptuous larder, while a few luxuries of foreign growth, which had been brought on the baggage horses, made the adventurers as comfortable as they could reasonably desire.

One day when resting in the camp from the fatigues attendant on so arduous an enterprise, a party of Indians led by a trader, were discovered. No recourse was had to arms, for peace in a great measure reigned on the frontier; the border warfare, which so long had harassed the unhappy settlers, had principally subsided,



the savage driven father and father back, as the settlements advanced, had sufficiently felt the power of the whites, to view them with fear, as well as hate; again, the approach of this party was any thing but hostile, and the appearance of the trader a being half savage, half civilized, made it certain that the mission was rather of peace than of war.

They halted at a short distance, and the interpreter advancing, declared that he was conducting a party, who consisted of a Grand Sachem, and some attendant warriors; that the Chief was a very great man among the Northwestern tribes, and the same who commanded the Indians on the fall of Braddock, sixteen years before; that hearing of the visit of Col. Washington to the Western country, this Chief had set out on a mission, the object of which himself would make known.

The Colonel received the ambassador with courtesy, and having put matters in camp in the best possible order for the reception of such distinguished visitors, which so short a notice would allow, the strangers were introduced. Among the Colonists were some fine tall and manly figures, but so soon as the Sachem approached, he in a moment pointed out the Hero of the Monongahela, from amid the groupe, although sixteen years had elapsed since he had seen him, and then only in the tumult and fury of battle. The Indian was of a lofty stature, and of a dignified and imposing appearance.

The usual salutations were going round, when it was observed, that the Grand Chief although perfectly familiar with every other person present, preserved toward Col. Washington the most reverential deference; it was in vain that the Colonel extended his hand, the Indian drew back, with the most impressive marks of awe and respect. A last effort was made to induce an intercourse, by resorting to the deity of the savages, ardent spirit, which the Colonel having tasted, offered to his guest, the Indian bowed his head in submission, but wetted not his lips. Tobacco, for the use of which Washington always had the utmost abhorrence, was next tried, the Col. taking a single puff to the great annoyance of his feelings, and then offering the calumet to the chief who touched not the symbol of savage friendship. The banquet being now ready, the Colonel did the honours of the feast, and placing the Great Man at his side, helped him plentifully, but the Indian fed not at the board. Amazement now possessed the company, and intense anxiety became apparent, as to the issue of so extraordinary an adventure.

The Council Fire was kindled, when the Grand Sachem addressed our Washington to the following effect:

"I am a Chief, and the ruler of many tribes; my influence extends to the waters of the Great Lakes, and to the far blue mountains. I have seen the Young Warrior of the Great Battles—It was on the day, that the White Man's blood, mixed with the streams of our forest, that I first beheld this Chief; I called to my young men and said, mark you tall and daring warrior, he is not of the red coat tribe; he hath an Indian's wisdom, and his warriors fight as we do, himself is alone exposed. Quick, let your aim be certain, and he dies. Our rifles levelled, rifles but for him, knew not how to miss. 'Twas all in vain, a power mightier far than we, shielded him from harm. He cannot die in battle. I am old, and soon shall be gathered to the great council fire of my fathers, in the land of shades, but ere I go, there is a something bids me speak, in the voice of prophecy. Listen! The Great Spirit protects that man, and guides his destinies—He will become the chief of nations, and a people yet unborn, hail him as the founder of a mighty Empire!"

The savage ceased, his oracle delivered, his prophetic mission fulfilled, he retired to muse in silence, upon that wonder working spirit, which his dark

"Untutored mind

Saw oft in clouds and heard him in the wind."

Night coming on, the children of the forest spread their blankets, and were soon buried in sleep. At early dawn they bid adieu to the camp, and were slowly winding their way toward the distant haunts of their tribe.

The effects which this mysterious and romantic adventure had upon the Provincials, were as various as the variety of character which composed the party.—All eyes were turned on him, to whom the oracle had been addressed, but from his ever serene and thoughtful countenance, nothing could be discovered; still all

this was strange, "twas passing strange." On the mind of Dr. James Craik, a most deep and lasting impression was made, and in the war of the Revolution it became a favorite theme with him, particularly after any perilous action, in which his friend and commander had been peculiarly exposed, as the battle of Princeton, &c. The night previous to the battle of Monmouth several officers had assembled, and were joined by the physician general of the army. The discourse turned upon the probable issue of the succeeding day. It was agreed on all sides that it would be a day of blood.—The enemy flushed with the victories of the September and October preceding, and protecting a vast amount of baggage, the Americans, proud of the fall of Burgoyne, and desirous of shewing their allies, the French, that they were deserving of their alliance, all conspired to make it certain, that the battle would be bravely contested, and the issue very doubtful. The general officers agreed on the propriety of a remonstrance being made to the Commander-in-Chief, praying that he would not expose his person; a life so honored and so dear to the struggling liberties of his country, became a matter of warm solicitude to every member of the army.—Craik observed I know him too well, to believe that aught which we could say, would for a moment prevent him from the exposure of his person, should the day go against us; but, gentlemen, recollect what I have often told you, of the old Indian's prophecy. Yes, I do believe a "Great Spirit protects that man"—that one day or another, honored and beloved, he will be the chief of our Nation, as he is now our general, our father and our friend. Never mind the enemy, they cannot kill him, and while he lives our cause will never die.

On the ever memorable day of Monmouth, the Commander-in-Chief, having given his orders to Major General the Marquis de Lafayette, was personally engaged in forming the line of the main body, near the court-house; while speaking to a favorite officer, the brave, valued Col. Hartley, of the Pennsylvania line, a cannon ball struck just at his horse's feet, throwing the dirt in his face and over his clothes—the General continued his orders, without noticing the derangement of his toilette. The officers present, several of whom were of the party the preceding evening, looked at each other with anxiety. The Chief of the medical staff, pleased with the proof of his prediction, and in reminiscence of what had passed the night before, pointed toward Heaven, which was noticed by the others with a gratifying smile of acknowledgement.

Of the brave and valued, Colonel Hartley, it is said that the Commander-in-chief sent for him in the heat of an engagement, and addressed him as follows:—"I have sent for you, Colonel, to employ you on a serious piece of service. The state of our affairs, renders it necessary that a part of this army should be sacrificed for the welfare of the whole. You command an effective corps (a fine regiment of Germans from York and Lancaster counties.) I know you well, and have therefore selected you to perform this important and serious duty. You will take such a position, and defend it to the last extremity. The Colonel received this appointment to a forlorn hope with a smile of exultation, bowing, replied—"Your Excellency does me much honor: your order shall be obeyed to the letter;" and repaired to his post.

I will not be positive as to the location of this anecdote, having heard it from the old people of the Revolution, many years ago, but think it occurred on the field of Monmouth—but of this I am not certain. That I have an hundred times seen Colonel Hartley received in the hands of the great President, where so many Revolutionary worthies were made welcome; that to none was the hand of honored and friendly recollection more feelingly offered; on none did the merit-discerning eye of the Chief appear to beam with more pleasure, than Hartley or York."

*A Good Girl.*—A young lady looking into the Family Bible, and observing the date of her birth, took her pencil and wrote—"Above the age of twenty-one and not yet married." This induced her father to write beneath—"He who giveth in marriage doeth well, but he who giveth not in marriage doeth better." To which she made the following reply—"Dear father, I love to do well—let those do better who can."

The following account of a desperate, yet successful defence of a small palisade, or block house, against an attack made upon it by a large body of savages, is extracted from a work lately published, entitled—

"*Travels and Residence on the Mississippi, in a series of Letters.*" By the Rev. Timothy Flint.

"I will relate one case of this sort, because I know the party, and lest I become tiresome on this head, will close this kind of detail. The name of the hero in question, was Baptiste Roy, a Frenchman, who solicited, and I am sorry to say, in vain, a compensation for his bravery from Congress. It occurred at 'Cote sans Dessein' on the Missouri. A numerous band of northern savages, amounting to four hundred, beset the garrison house, into which he, his wife, and another man had retreated. They were hunters by profession, and had powder, lead, and four rifles in the house.—They immediately began to fire upon the Indians. The wife melted and moulded the lead, and assisted in loading, occasionally taking her shot with the other two.—Every Indian that approached the house was sure to fall. The wife relates that the guns would soon become too much heated to hold in the hand. Water was necessary to cool them. It was, I think, on the second day of the siege, that Roy's assistant was killed, he became impatient to look on the scene of execution, and see what they had done; he put his eye to the port hole, and a well aimed shot destroyed him. The Indians perceived, that their shot had taken effect, and gave a yell of exultation. They were encouraged by the slackening of the fire, to approach the house, and fire it over the heads of Roy and his wife. He deliberately mounted the roof, knocked off the burning boards, and escaped untouched from the shower of balls. What must have been the nights of this husband and wife? After four days unavailing siege, the Indians gave a yell, exclaimed that the house was a 'grand medicine,' meaning, that it was charmed and impregnable, and went away. They left behind forty bodies to attest the marksmanship and steadiness of the besieged, and a pack of balls collected from the logs of the house."

## SCIENTIFIC.

### IMPROVEMENTS IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF CHIMNEYS.

Perhaps in the construction of a house, there is no part more difficult or liable to so many objections as the formation of the chimneys, nor is there any part in which impediments to comfort so frequently arise.—There are few who have not experienced the inconvenience of *smoky chimnies*, and who have not been put to serious expense—often ineffectually—to remedy the evil. We are glad, however, to find that a scientific man has turned his attention to the subject, and that after various experiments he has at length succeeded in suggesting a plan by which all the imperfections hitherto known to exist may be completely obviated. This plan has been submitted to the judgment of some of the best practical architects of the day, and has received their unqualified approbation; and it is now applied not only to all the chimneys erecting in the new palace in St. James' Park, but to the Post Office, and all other public buildings in progress. The public are indebted to Mr. Hiort, the Chief Examiner in his Majesty's Office of Works, for this useful invention; and this gentleman has devoted much of his time by evening lectures, to explain to builders the advantage and simplicity of his plan, which consists in the substitution of flues or tunnels of any diameter, capable of being incorporated within the usual thickness of walls, instead of the old plan of square flues. Each flue is surrounded in every direction, from top to bottom, by cavities commencing at the back of every fire place, and connected with each other. The air confined within these cavities is, by the heat of any one fire

rendered sufficiently warm to prevent condensation, within all the flues, contained in the same stack of chimneys; and what renders the new invention more important is the fact that the flues may be carried in any direction with as much facility as a leathern pipe, without, in the slightest degree, deviating from the original circular form. It would be difficult, by mere verbal description, to convey an adequate idea of the whole of the plan; but it is capable of being made clear to the commonest capacity by a few minutes instruction. The work is accomplished by the aid of bricks of a peculiar shape, for which a patent has been obtained; and by the mode of placing those bricks which are numbered according to a model with which the workman is provided, a perpendicular, horizontal, or curved shape is attained with the greatest facility, the circular form of the flue being still preserved with mathematical nicety, without the necessity of cutting a single brick, and the expense will not exceed more than four shillings a foot than is expended in the common mode for every flue erected. The advantages which are secured by this plan are—first, the certainty of a quick and uninterrupted draft; secondly, the prevention of an accumulation of soot; thirdly, the impossibility of accident from fire; and fourthly and above all, a facility of cleansing, by machines, which will altogether supersede the painful necessity of employing climbing boys. Another advantage is also gained with respect to the appearance of the chimneys on tops of houses. The present unseemly shafts, which are frequently raised to a dangerous height, may be dispensed with and the tops or terminations, of the chimneys completely hidden from view. We have seen a model and drawing of the plans, which, at once exhibit the simplicity of the invention; and the only surprise is, that so valuable an improvement in the art of building should so long have escaped the research of those who have experienced its necessity. At present, the demand for patent bricks exceeds the power of the patentee to supply; but arrangements are making which it is hoped will enable the builders to bring the plan into universal adoption. It may be proper, to add, that the principle is capable of being applied to the tops and bottoms of old flues with great advantage.—*London.*

#### ON DISTILLING OIL OF CLOVES.

The greatest part of the oil of cloves is imported from the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago; some, however, is distilled in Europe; but, on account of the great specific gravity of the oil, much is lost in distilling it with water in the usual manner; and, therefore, the following method has been proposed, by Mr. Dollfus, a Swedish chemist.

The cloves are to be put into a glass retort, which is to be placed upon a ring made of loam or clay, (or pieces of Windsor brick may be cut into the proper shape) and fixed in a common sand-pot, so that it may not touch any part of the pot; upon this sand-pot, a cap of the same shape, (which may be a common garden-pot) is to be placed so that the retort may be no where exposed to the air, and the heat equally distributed to every part. A receiver being adapted to the retort, fire is applied, and, as soon as any vapours appear, kept at an equal pitch during the whole of the operation.

If this distillation be performed with proper attention, a pound of cloves will yield two ounces and nearly

three quarters of a pale and colourless oil of cloves of the best sort.

This method of distilling in *cupella vacua*, is much superior to the old method of distilling the cloves *per descensum*: an apparatus for which, as described by Lemery, was formerly found in all pharmaceutical laboratories.

### THE REPOSITORY.

#### MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

On one of the coldest and most dreary days of winter, during the long protracted struggle of the Americans for liberty, two officers, apparently very young, were seen bending their course slowly down the rough side of a bleak mountain, west of the Alleghenies, the sterile appearance of which, together with its proximity to the Indians, had hitherto deterred any Europeans from endeavouring to inhabit it. They were returning homewards from the army, employed on the western frontier, and had proceeded thus far without a solitary adventure. The countenance of one, who appeared to be the youngest, was overcast with a settled gloom; his complexion was of a darkish hue, and his brow furrowed with the toils of war. The other in vain attempted to arrest his attention by conversation, an impenetrable cloud hung around him; nor could his companion divert his thoughts from their accustomed channel, until a house was descried at a distance, just raising its head above the wild scenery around it: a few curls of smoke now and then arose from the chimney, barely sufficient to show that it was inhabited, though the external appearance was enough to have deterred any one from approaching it, but a soldier, used to inhospitality. The tavern, (so such it happened to be on closer inspection,) was built of logs, through the crevices of which, the winds whistled to every note in the gamut, and was surrounded by a leafless forest, from which the cry of the half starved wolf and panther were alternately heard, producing a most awful discord. A suspicious looking landlord appeared at the call of the travellers, grumbled a surly welcome, and led them into the house. The remains of a dinner were set before them, which they eagerly devoured, and requested to be shown immediately to their apartments, but were told that the best in the house were already bespoken by a gentleman who was to pass the night there—"But," added the landlord, "we have another which has no bed, to which you may go, if you please." "Conduct us there," replied the elder officer, "I'll warrant we'll soon make it comfortable." A malicious pleasure spread over the face of the host at these words, and without more ado he seized a candle and led them to a room at the top of the building, which seemed as if it might have been the habitation of bats for half a century: a small window, with its shattered panes, served for an entrance, and the flapping of their wings produced such a noise as gave but a melancholy presage of what their sleep might be. The landlord, with a fiend-like smile of satisfaction, bade them good night, and hastened to make preparations for other guests. They heard a tremendous door pulled to after him, and with horror a bar thrust in, on the other side to secure it. Various were the conjectures they formed upon their treatment. A thousand different explanations were presented to their imaginations; they fancied their host a midnight robber, who after plundering them of what they possessed, would complete the treachery with the assassin's knife. In the midst of their ruminations, a noise and bustle was heard below, which, from what exclamations they could overhear, they ascertained to be caused by the arrival of the expected gentleman and his suite. What was his object in moving about at this perilous period, I am unable to tell.—All I know of it, is, that he was a gentleman of large fortune, travelling with his only child, and a few domestics, one of whom was despatched before him to secure quarters at the inn. His arrival certainly caused great noise at the place; the landlady immediately caused the whole stock of servants, which, by the bye, was not very great, to be put in requisition, and the landlord himself sallied forth with his most obsequious air, to receive the stranger, and welcome him to the tavern.

The daughter of this old gentleman, was one whom we might term, without exaggeration, a perfect beauty,

her features were nicely moulded by the hand of nature, and her glossy ringlets fell gracefully over her ivory neck: yet these were not her greatest boasts; there was something in her eyes of more than mortal beauty; the purity of her imagination beamed from those orbs with celestial brightness; she was a model so exquisite, that even the charms of Venus or Hebe could add nothing. The landlady viewed with astonishment and admiration their matchless guest. But being desired by the old gentleman to leave them alone while they sat at supper, she withdrew. The mind of the young maiden appeared to be absorbed in distressing contemplations; she laboured under great anxiety for herself and her parent, to whom she mentioned her fears, and enlarged on the apparent danger of their situation, and the appearance of the house. "Pshaw, Maria," said he, "no one would be fool enough to attempt injury upon a person prepared and armed like myself; and if they were so hardy as to, what but certain punishment would be their lot." "Yes," replied she, "if we were overpowered, could our bodies rise up to accuse the murderers." "Silence, girl," he interrupted, "let me hear no more." Maria hid her face in her bosom with painful sensations, for she knew her father loved her too well to speak so harshly unless actuated by some powerful motives. To explain these she readily referred to her own feelings; and indeed, not without cause, were her conjectures, for the looks of the landlord, his hurried speech, the studied caution which he observed, were enough to produce suspicion in a less sensitive mind than hers. Nor did the appearance of the room in which she was to pass the night dispel these fears. The bare walls, the dark closet, the soiled and torn tapestry of the bed, and the crazy door, operated only to confirm them. That which her father occupied was on the other side of the building, adjacent to the apartment of the two officers. All had retired, when the clock slowly struck the hour of twelve; it was one of those old-fashioned time-pieces, made during the administration of the protector. Its tones were solemn and awful, just like those at whose peal the ghosts of old were wont to rise from their graves, and strike terror to the guilty heart. The two officers, Maria and her father, heard it with peculiar emotion. A cold sweat came on the forehead of the old gentleman, and his heart beat hard. The creaking of the sign-post and window-shutters, on their rusty hinges, combined with the whistling of the wind through the decayed timbers of the mansion, produced a shuddering through almost every frame. They were endeavouring to sleep, notwithstanding all these annoyances, when a piercing shriek was heard through the inn, quickly followed by the cries of "murder," which operated variously on its different inmates. The landlord was not in the house, but his wife and servants, who could have afforded assistance, kept close nor dared to stir. The distracted father, who knew the voice too well, sprang to the door, but it was fast, and was locked outside. The windows were tried in vain—they were secured for the purpose. He ran raving up and down the room in total darkness, calling out for help. With agony he heard the trampling of numerous footsteps, and the cries of his daughter grow fainter and fainter, until they were lost in the distance.

The only one who in this scene of confusion performed any service, was the dark-complexioned young officer, who no sooner heard the shrieks of the lovely Maria, than like her father he sprang to the door, and found himself in the same predicament; his next resource was the little window. Without considering the danger or difficulty of the attempt, he made one spring, and found himself the next moment rather uncomfortably fixed up to the neck in a large brush-heap, which, as if placed there by some over-riding hand to preserve him, saved his limbs or his neck from otherwise certain dislocation. The shock of the fall almost stunned him; however, he soon recovered so as to extricate himself. But what was to be done? The robbers had by this time got out of hearing, and even if he could overtake them, what was his single arm to a multitude? Courage supplied him with answers, he commenced pursuit, and after a few miles discovered with the greatest joy those he pursued at some distance. By leaving the road and crossing through the woods, he soon came up with them; the party had stopped. He found it to consist of the villainous landlord, and two Indians, but the female they had taken was not to be seen. Rage and horror at the deed he imagined they had committed, filled his breast, and drawing his sword, which luckily he



had brought with him, in an inst at the landlord lay in the dust, forsaken by his cowardly accomplices. Hitherto his feelings had been most poignant on account of the supposed murder of her for whom he had risked his life. But his grief was not equal to his joy when he discovered her sitting behind a tree. No sooner had her eye rested on his form, than she cried out with a shriek, "Frederick." "Maria," he exclaimed, and in an instant she was locked in the arms of her lover. At this moment the old gentleman with his servants, and the other soldier, arrived to complete their happiness. It seems, after the leap of Frederick, his comrade not caring to follow his example, by repeated efforts burst the door of his room, and soon liberated the old gentleman, who summoning his servants, speedily followed and overtook them as we have seen. They were about to return, when the landlord, having partially recovered, confessed they were instigated to the deed by Major —, an officer in the British army, who had previously endeavoured to obtain Maria. He was soon after executed — The Major was so mortified at his failure, that he resigned his commission and returned to England. Frederick, with the old gentleman, his attendants, and his comrade, returned home, and was soon after united to Maria, who frequently reminds him of the bravery he displayed in the MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

## THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1826.

The Prizes offered some time since, by the publishers of this paper, for the best Poem, and best Moral Tale, were awarded on the first instant, by the Committee which had been selected for that purpose. After mature deliberation, the first premium was awarded to Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, of this city, for the following beautiful lines entitled "GREECE."

The best Moral Tale was adjudged to be the one below, on "FALSE IMPRESSIONS." The envelope contained the letters A. L. D. and was from a distant correspondent, whose name is unknown. Each of the successful competitors, can receive the sum offered, by calling at this office.

The several rejected pieces, will appear in future numbers; and although unsuccessful, are deserving of a conspicuous place in the columns of the Casket.

### PRIZE POEM.

GREECE.

Hail holy clime! where Science rear'd her throne,  
And kindred arts like constellations shone;  
Ere from the fostering wolf's caresses dread,  
Rome, savage, infant, rear'd her rival head,—  
Nurse of the bard, the hero, and the sage,  
Though long the victim of Oppression's rage,  
Enslav'd and fetter'd by the paynim throng,  
Sworn foes to science, and unknown in song,  
In mockery crown'd with persecution's thorn,  
And crush'd till courage from despair was born,  
We see thee bursting from thy lingering trance,  
Snatch the dark helm, and poise the quivering lance,  
From gathered rust thine ancient armour clear,  
And with thy clarion wake the warrior's ear.  
Rear as at Salamis thy lofty crest!  
Pluck the red garland from Plataea's breast!  
Still Marathon that victor shout retains  
Whose earthquake echo shook a thousand plains.  
Still for thy temples Leuctra's laurel blooms,  
And buried heroes rend their vaulted tombs,—  
With lightning glance thy fields of blood explore,  
And stalk impervious where the life-tides pour.

With awful smile the impetuous souls survey,  
With airy shield protect their dauntless way,—  
Their whisper'd voice unearthly rage inspires,  
And bids the sons be worthy of their sires.

Lo! peaceful shades from blest Elysium throng,  
In spectral ranks to guard the land of song,  
Predict with withering curse its foemen's doom,  
And blend the crescent with the Persian plume.

Dark frowns the Stagyrite,—with brow of thought  
Glides the meek martyr from his hemlock draught,  
The vine-clad Tean rears his sparkling bowl,  
And quaffs deep vengeance on the Moslem soul;  
Indignant Pericles, with haughty pain  
Marks the usurping mosque, and turban'd train.  
Fast by the Parthenon sad Phidias sighs,  
And scornful Homer rolls his sightless eyes,  
Hurls tuneful curses on the insulting foe,  
And bids anew the flames of Iliou glow.

Hail land sublime!—array'd in classic robe,  
Mankind thy pupil, and thy school the globe,—  
Thongs taught by thee, with filial ardour wait  
Thy doubtful struggle with disastrous fate.

Yet one\* there was, who not with passive song  
Beheld thy conflict, or bemoan'd thy wrong,—  
Bold to thine aid, the lyre and sword he brought,  
And doubly arm'd, thy front of danger sought,  
Rear'd thy red banner o'er the Egean wave,  
Unseal'd his coffers, and his spirit gave,—  
Cold rests his heart within thy hallow'd bowers,  
And Helle's maidens wreath'd its urn with flowers.

Genius of Greece! who drank his latest sigh,  
Raise toward the Queen of Isles thy mourning eye,  
She marks the sons who near her sceptre crowd,  
Stern to their sins, but of their talents proud.—  
Say,—“for my sake thy wayward bard forgive,  
Since bound with mine, his deathless name shall live,  
Breathe o'er his sacred tomb one sorrowing sigh,  
And in his glory, let his frailties die.”

\* Byron.

### PRIZE TALE.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

“You are certainly born to be a gamester, my son;” sighed the Mother of young Harry D—, as she watched him, busily employed, in preparing tickets, for his new Pin Lottery. “You have said so a hundred times Mother; but how do you know? said he, with a curious enquiring look.—“O it is in you;” returned she; “I see it in the interest you display in your Lottery;—in your playing Pins; and your pitching cents; and I sadly fear, it will one day gain strength, beyond your power to control it.”

Mrs. D— was an amiable, and excellent woman; and by her judicious management, possessed an unbounded influence, over the minds of her children. In their early years, they were accustomed to see their father treat her with attention and respect, and uniformly refer them to her for guidance and direction. It was from her, that they learned the first elements of knowledge;—from her lips, they learned the simple, Golden Rule of Morality, and Religion;—and her undeviating adherence to truth added to their firm conviction of her superior knowledge, left them no power of questioning the certainty of her assertions.—Not aware of the extent of this influence, she indulged in expressions, that were merely the overflowings of a

Mother's solicitude, quickened to anxiety, by recollections of the misery, to which an indulgence of this fatal propensity, had reduced her unfortunate father. She intended them, as admonitory cautions to her son; nor was she aware of the light in which they appeared to him, till laying aside the tickets for his Lottery, he said; “I am sorry Mother;—but if you say I am born to be a gamester, I suppose I must be one.”—“Not surely my child,” said the alarmed Mother; “unless you choose.”—“But you say I am to be one; and you must know,” persisted Harry, for you often say, that you teach us nothing, but what you know to be true.” Mrs. D—, startled and perplexed, paused a moment for an answer; then finding none that would explain her meaning led him from the room, in search of some amusement, that might turn his thoughts into another channel; mentally praying, that if she had unthinkingly, given her child a false impression, the evil might yet be averted. From this time forward, the little games of chance, to which all boys are more or less addicted, were suffered to pass unnoticed; the word gamester, never escaped her lips; fondly hoping, that the vivid impression, he had evidently received of his destiny, might be effaced from his mind.

After a lapse of many years, Mrs. D—found herself, in the autumn of her life; a widow, and dependant on her son. Those years had left legible traces of their course, on her brow, and on her decaying frame; but had expanded the form of her blooming Harry, into manly firmness, and beauty. The circumstance, which had caused her so much uneasiness in his boy-hood, had gradually faded from her mind; no expressions of her son, evinced the slightest recollection of it; and the uniform rectitude of his principles and conduct, almost banished from her heart, the anxieties of a parent.

She resided under his roof, surrounded with all the comforts, and many of the elegancies of life; and received to her heart, with the softened feelings of a mother, his lovely child. His young wife was beautiful, amiable; and fondly attached to her husband, and child; yet the experienced eye of the Mother, could detect in her composition, latent germs of feelings, that if indulged, might create uneasiness, and perhaps dissension.—A mistaken course of education, had so cherished the natural romance of her heart, that now, in the second year of her marriage, she was restless, and uneasy, without continued proofs, not only of the most unbounded devotion of her husband's heart, but of the sacrifices of time and of inclination, which his affection could make to her wishes.—Harry D—, submitted for some time with very good grace, to the little encroachments of female whim and caprice; but, at the time his Mother became a resident in his family, he was fully aware of the necessity of checking their further progress. He accordingly began, with absenting himself a little later than had been his custom, from the domestic circle, frankly stating, when questioned by his wife, where he had been, and with whom.—One so unreasonably indulged as she had hitherto been, could ill brook the slightest manifestation of indifference, or the least appearance of inattention. Questions soon assumed the form of reproaches; which though they severely wounded the heart, that still tenderly loved her, were met, with the most unruffled calmness of manner and answered only by protracted absence.

He returned home one evening, at an unusually late hour, and seated himself by the fire, in an apparently perplexed, and musing mood. His wife, for this time

sat silent, and thoughtful, with no disposition, to question, or reproach him. His mother, wishing to break a silence that became oppressive, enquired where he had been, and what he had heard: "On my way home about an hour since," said he, "I stepped into B's Hotel, to see if the mail had arrived, and I never was so beset, and I may add my dearest mother, never so tempted too, to take the dice-box in my hand, as within this very hour." A confused, disturbed feeling, of something like foreseen evil about to be accomplished, arose in the bosom of Mrs. D—, as she said to her son, you are surely not serious; what consideration, could, for one moment, tempt a husband and father, to countenance that destructive vice."

"I am convinced it is a destructive vice," replied he; "I know it has been the ruin of thousands; and I knew that with this conviction, and this knowledge, the moment I threw the dice, I should incur a moral responsibility, that would make a man in his senses tremble.—Yet I know not how it is;—I have now, and ever have had, a secret, strange and strong presentiment that I am born to be a gamester. Whence it arises, I know not;—I have in vain tried to trace it to some accidental cause; and as I cannot remember the time, when the impression was not vivid, in my waking and sleeping dreams, I am compelled to believe that it proceeds from an innate, inherent principle in my nature; and that it is a fate, which I am yet destined to accomplish."

He paced the room with an agitated air, while speaking these few words; every one of which, struck a death like chill to the heart of his Mother:—Her own inconsiderate expressions to her son, in his early boyhood, were, from the effect it was evident they produced on him at the time, too deeply impressed upon her mind, ever to be effaced, yet time and sorrow, had rendered the impression faded, and dim; and now, when she thought to explain to him the cause of this tormenting presentiment, it arose in her mind, so shadowy and indistinct, that she found it impossible at once to arrange her thoughts and words, so as to convey to him a definite idea, and before she gained her perfect recollection, he left the room for the night, and another opportunity did not soon arrive.

The real truth was, that he had within the hour he mentioned, thrown the dice, and won; and that he had engaged, to accompany a party, the next evening a few miles out of town. He went with them; he played with them; and in the new, and absorbing excitement, thought not of the flight of time, till the lights waned dim, before the morning beam. Then, when he looked around on the baggared and passion traced features of his companions,—*"Of what society of hell,"* thought he, *"am I become a member?"*—O Nature when you doomed me a gamester, you should have given me an iron frame; and a soul incapable of feeling."

Vain were his struggles to escape from the toils with which he had encompassed himself; fresh recruits dropped in, and another morning found him wrought to a pitch of maniac excitement, that rendered him insensible to the lapse of time, and to the exhaustion of his frame. He returned to his home, after an absence of three days, languid, and miserable; yet with a gloomy satisfaction, in the certainty of his fate. He was now free from the misery of suspense? he was no longer in doubt, if his fancied destiny, would be fulfilled; and he yielded to his fate, without a single effort to avert it. The first step being taken in the path of

vice, for six months he went down, with accelerated impulse.

Far different was it during these months, with his now really wretched wife. The habitual gloom and estrangement of her husband, added to his late hours, caused her the keenest anguish; yet this very pressure of affliction, developed energies in her nature, she was never thought to possess. She now knew him to be, what he had said he must be, a gamester; an infatuated and undone one she feared, unless he who alone can save, should snatch him from destruction. She saw her own weaknesses, and errors, in their proper light; and bitterly regretted the infatuation, that led her to expect so much, that it was perhaps the remote cause why she had lost all. Trifles that she had formerly magnified into evils, now weighed like dust in the balance, against the real troubles, that beset her; and the consciousness, that she had exacted too many sacrifices of time, and of inclination, caused her to look with a lenient eye, on his present dereliction from his duties.

"I see plainly," said she, "to her mother, it was to preserve his own dignity, and to check my encroaching folly, that he first deviated from his former regular hours; and if his present dreadful course, is the consequence of that deviation, my regrets may well be bitter, and lasting. With these feelings and these regrets, it would deeply wound me, my dear mother, to hear from your lips, in his presence, the slightest allusion to his present course of life:—no, let me rather by a cheerful surrender of my wishes to his, convince him, that in a return to his former life, he has nothing to fear from my exactions."

The heart of Mrs. D—, sprung to her daughter, at this ingenuous acknowledgement of her errors. She wished much to explain to her son, the cause of the fatal presentiment, that he ascribed to an uncontrollable propensity of his nature: yet fearful it had taken too deep hold on his imagination, ever to be removed, she yielded her own judgment, to her daughters wishes, and watched in silent agony, the progress of his vice.

At the close of six months, business and pleasure dispersed for a week or two, most of his gaming companions and restored Harry D—, to the bosom of his family. Regular hours and rest, braced his languid frame, and new strung his shaken nerves. His spirit, too, assumed a healthful tone; and the dross, that for months had been gathering round his heart, began to melt before the genial warmth of the pure sympathies of his nature.

"Where," thought he, "have the affections of my heart, been buried," as he carressed his child, and looked with admiration on his lovely wife; pleased as formerly, with little attention, and expressions of affection, yet apparently unconscious, when they were withheld. "Have they been reanimated to life, only to add to the bitterness of my regrets? but it is all in vain to struggle against the tendencies of my being;—I might resist them now, yet must ultimately be their victim."

He placed his child upon the floor, took his hat, and was leaving the house, when his wife, who had watched his motions with breathless anxiety, sprung to him, pale and trembling:—"Harry, you will not go?"—"What would you, Maria," said he, laying down his hat; "Why this agitation? but I do not require an answer;"—"You do not," returned she, "and if you now go to join them, I may indeed say, farewell to

peace and comfort; farewell, even to the little hope that has never yet quite deserted me. I would not," she continued, "seek to place the slightest restraint on your inclination, were I only concerned; but believe me, miserable as I must be, you yourself will not be happier."

He turned from her, and for some minutes paced the room in silence. At last, pausing before her: "Heaven knows, Maria, I would not cause you one moment's misery; yet bound by the ties you are, to a being, fated like me, I know not how it can be avoided. My first impulse was, to bid you discard me from your heart; but that I can never do—I would stay there, even in ruins I had myself made." "Tell me, my dearest husband," asked she with a quivering lip, "am I the cause—the remote cause? I am aware," continued she, interrupting him as he was about to speak, "that my errors, my weaknesses, must have excessively annoyed you; but do not fear their recurrence; my soul disclaims them now, as the follies of a girl, inexperienced in life, and unacquainted with herself."

"Spare me the pain, of hearing these causeless reproaches of yourself, Maria; and be assured, the cause you require, is no where, but in the elements of my being—I repeat what I have once said before: I cannot remember the time, when I was not haunted with the consciousness, that I was born to be a gamester. I long ago, referred this to some secret principle; but of late years, since science has thrown so much light on the organization of our frames, and has so clearly developed the force of natural propensity, my conviction of the strength of this peculiar tendency in myself, is so strong, that I feel it is all in vain, to think of resistance."

"Would your faith in these scientific discoveries continue strong," said the elder Mrs. D—, who had hitherto sat silent, "if you could trace this presentiment you speak of, to an accidental cause?"—"Show me but the slightest cause, to which it may be traced, and I reject it forever." "Then listen to me attentively," said she, "and see if memory will not rest on some little circumstance, of what I am about to tell you." She accordingly related to him minutely, the incidents connected with his pin lottery; her own ungarded expression, with the effect they produced upon him at the time. "And this, my dear mother, was so," said he, after musing some time, "it was, upon my sacred word. It is enough, I believe it—miserable fool that I have been; to be the dupe through life, of an illusion of my own brain, and of the wild theories of others. Were not my tickets laid out on the old marble table?" continued, he, a sudden recollection springing in his mind. "They were," returned his mother. "Tis clear as noon-day now, to me;—and fear nothing, my love," continued he, kissing the tears from his wife's cheek; "the illusion has vanished; I am master of myself again."

A. L. D.

[Original.]

*Honor and shame from no condition rise  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies—POPE.*

The Creator of the universe has made nothing in vain. From the eagle that wings its flight through the ethereal regions, to the reptile that creeps in the dust beneath our feet, each is designed for some purpose, and each has its proper sphere of action. Indeed every thing is appointed to a certain use, and when misapplied, it is rendered unfit for those ends, for which it was



designed. In like manner is it, in regard to the talents, and disposition of men. Every one is not formed for a universal genius. Few can excel in every thing. But all are endowed with peculiar talents, and dispositions, and nature usually suggests to what course of life these are adapted. If that is pursued, respectability, and even superior excellence can hardly be avoided. But ever after despise what they can easily attain, and endeavour to excel in what is beyond their reach. They thus pervert and destroy their natural talents by imagining themselves possessed of those which nature has dealt to them with a sparing hand. One endeavors to make a poet: He is not destitute of genius, and in almost any other pursuit he might shine: but he never was designed for a poet. In either of the learned professions he might be distinguished, as a poet he will never be known beyond the circle of his intimate friends. Yet he is resolved to give himself to writing poetry. He writes; and how insipid are his productions. The flatterer may perhaps pretend to admire them, but the man of sense will pity the weakness of one who thus perverts his genius, and destroys those excellent talents, which nature has given him. The remarks of the late Dr Scott might be improved by many of our rhyme makers, at the present day;—"God had never made me a poet, and I am very thankful I have never attempted to make myself one." Another possesses good sense, a retentive memory, and is capable of distinguishing himself in any branch of literature or science. But he cannot be satisfied with this; he conceives a remarkable fondness for the character of a gentleman; and instead of applying himself to some useful study, his time is almost wholly occupied in reading novels or plays; in dancing, and other frivolous amusements. In this way he becomes a complete fop, and appears contemptible to all who know him. He studies to observe the strictest rules of etiquette, and politeness, and thus renders himself ridiculous. In this manner, the whole race of fops is formed; for a fop is not a natural production. A fool is sometimes the production of nature; a fop never. Nature is said to have a high resentment, for being put out of her course, and never fails of taking revenge on those who resist her dictates. If then men will apply their talents otherwise than nature designs, they must reap the fruit of their own doings.

A. K.

## VARIETY.

### GRATITUDE.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says—I remember once that a Philadelphia merchant many years ago, whose wealth and importance were only equalled by the goodness of his heart, and the purity of his principles, rescued a mechanic from the clutches of poverty, and what was worse in those days, the hands of the Sheriff. The son of the mechanic was young, but old enough to know his father's benefactor. Many years after this, the merchant fell into difficulties, and at a most trying moment, when all his former friends had forsaken him, the mechanic's son now comparatively wealthy, stepped forward to his relief. "I am much indebted to you," said the reduced merchant. "By no means," said the other, "I have only paid the debt which my father contracted at the corner of Chesnut-street, thirty years ago, when I was just old enough to understand the cause of my poor mother's tears." The merchant grasped his hand, and burst into a flood of tears.

A gentleman informing Fusell, the painter, that he had purchased his celebrated picture of Saitan, the artist replied, "Well, you have got him now, and only take care, that he does not one day get you!"

A wit, bemoaning the unfortunate prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of a married and single state, exclaimed: "What can make the bitter cup of a bachelor's life go down!" And in the same tone, by way of self-condolent response, observed, "*A-las!—A-las!*"

*Female Logic*.—Dr. Byles having paid his addresses unsuccessfully to a lady who afterwards married a man of the name of Quincy, the Doctor, on meeting her, said—"So madam, it appears you preferred the Quincy to Biles!" "Yes," replied the lady, "for if there had been any thing worse than Biles, the Devil would have afflicted Job with it."

*New way to take small change*.—As a shopkeeper in Glasgow was telling down to a customer 10s. at change, a large stick dipped in tar, and held by some one out door, came down upon the money with such force as to startle every one in the shop. The stick was instantly withdrawn, and along with it 5s. 6d. of the change, which stuck to the tar. The people were so astounded by the suddenness of the deed, that before they could recollect themselves the thief got clear off.

*A Bull*.—On the evening of a Sunday, at Brighton, the clerk of one of the dissenting places of worship, "gave out" that on Good Friday afternoon, the church would drink tea in the chapel.

*Another*.—In the window of a house in Tower-Lane, Bristol, a notice is posted up in the following terms:—"Human leeches sold here."

*Excuse*.—A man who had stolen a brass candlestick from a church in New-Orleans, excused himself by saying he thought it was gold.

*New Idea*.—In the parlour window of a small and inferior boarding-house not far from Brighton, is the following rather ambiguous notice: "Young men taken in and done for."

*A bright boy*.—An old schoolmaster, who usually heard his pupils once a week, through Watts's Scripture History, and afterwards asked them promiscuously such questions as presented themselves to his mind, one day desired a young urchin to tell him who Jesse was? when the boy briskly replied, "The flower of Dunblane."

*Smoking*.—Mr. Secretary Croker was enjoying his pipe in the smoking-room at St. Stephen's, on the evening after the duty on tobacco had been lowered.—"We can smoke the best returns cheaper now," said another member, "thanks to the Chancellor of the Exchequer." "Yes," replied Mr. Secretary Croker, "and, thanks to Hume, we can always light our pipes with returns for nothing."

*Purse*.—At the time his late majesty granted a pension to Dr. Johnson, he also pensioned "Shebeare."—Some one remarked, "that the latter did not merit it." "Pooh," said Foote, "when his majesty pensioned the *She-beare*, he could not avoid doing the same by *Shebeare* also."

*Retort*.—An extravagant young man, who had no great character for courage, one day asked a miser what pleasure he found in amassing money and making no use of it? "The same sort of pleasure," replied the miser, "that you have in wearing a sword."

*Profitable Shows*.—A return from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, shows, that the sums received for the exhibition of the church amount, on an average, annually, to between £1,500 and £1,600 a year. This sum is divided, in lieu of other payments, between the minor canons and choristers.

*ROYAL RICHES*.—It is said, that in addition to the 50,000,000 of crusadoes in gold, left by the late king of Portugal, there are 2,000,000 in bars, 2,000,000 in gold dust, and a leather bag full of diamonds of inestimable value.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The new novel of Woodstock, by the author of Waverley, has been received in this country, and an extract published in the National Gazette. It has the distinguishing marks of that mighty and versatile genius; the perfect conception, nice discrimination, and spirited sustaining of the general characters, however difficult or delicate; the faithful description of scenes and actions, the development of the passions of the heart, and acuteness of the moral reflections which particular turns of the story are fitted to suggest. The chapter extracted, describes an interview between an untutored convert from the King to the Parliament and Oliver Cromwell. The character of Oliver is admirably sketched; his discourse with the renegade is, like all his discourses, cloudy and suspicious; it is amusing to see the truth with which his manner is hit off in the several imitations that are given of it. Although nothing is caricatured, the whole is infinitely ludicrous.

Mrs. Hemans has a new work on the eve of publication, to be entitled the "Forest Sanctuary." It is the history of a Spanish Exile, who flies from the religious persecutions of his native country, and takes refuge in the forests of America.

His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos is printing, at his own private expense, the whole of the ancient Irish Chronicles, (with Latin translations.) Two volumes are already finished.

A very piquant little book is on the eve of publication, to be entitled *Sheridaniana*: or *Anecdotes of the Life of Sheridan*; his *Table Talk*, and *Bon-Mots*.

The Misses Porter's Tales round a winter Hearth, will be published soon.

A new series of Arabian Nights Entertainment, is just on the point of publication. These additional Tales are proved to be as genuine as those formerly given to the European world by the French version of M. Galland, from which the work so well known by the English public, under the above title, was translated. The present selection has been made from an original MS. by the celebrated Von Hammer, and will now be first given in our own tongue, by the Rev. George Lamb. The MS. from which the present translation has been made, was obtained with great difficulty and expense, by the celebrated Orientalist, Mr. Jos. Von Hammer.

The United States Literary Gazette and New-York Review, are united under the editorship of Messrs. Bryant & Carter. They will be published on the same days in New-York and Boston.

An edition of the unpublished letters of Gen. Washington, selected from his papers by Judge Washington, and Chief Justice Marshall, will shortly be published by Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia.

*New Work*.—Miss Lefann, the niece of Sheridan, has just published a new Romance, called *Henry the Eighth of France*.

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## THE WREATH.

[Original.]

## RUSTIC SKETCH.

[Written during a time of extreme drought, in May.]

God of that sun, which rolls on high,  
Like a fiery star in a brazen sky,  
Our pastures burn with an arid sun,  
Ere half his course in the sky is run ;  
Our corn is sear'd in the parching field,  
Thy clouds are withheld, and thy "fountains seal'd."  
Where are thy floating cisterns fled,  
Those showers that rose with a silvery head ?  
From Thee alone is our help or stay,  
From thee alone must the boon be given,  
On our thirsty plains in a burning-May,  
Oh ! send the showers of a bounteous heaven.

Alas ! no songs of the vernal choir  
Can sprout our corn\* in the sands of fire ;  
The tuneful thrush from our land must hie,  
Or chaunt his lay and no ploughman nigh ;  
The creaking mite in his house of sand,  
Nor the basking snake can his heat withstand ;—  
The wakeful song in the sun-bright bower,  
Is heard no more—nor the night-birds lay—  
They wait for the cloud and the evening shower,  
And the croaking toad in the twilight grey.

Oh ! for a cloud from Huron lake,  
Where the limpid curls of the light waves break ;  
Where the grey duck's plumes in the moon-beams play,  
And the wild-wood song is the mock-bird's lay ;  
Where the darkening fir, and the oak of green,  
And the stately swan's and the duckling's screen—  
There rising showers, from the mountain's height  
Descend by day, and the dews by night ;  
For our sires have driven the fair red maids  
From their peaceful homes—and they've call'd the  
showers,

By their magic spells, to the western glades,  
And left all sear in their ancient bowers.

East-Hartford, 1826.

\* The thrush, robin, and purwink, invariably make their appearance the first of May, and it is a vulgar idea, that their songs have a tendency to sprout the corn—this being the farmer's planting time.

\* Local name for the larger woodcock.

TO H.....A.

Thou dear, bewitching, black-eyed maid,  
Who hast, unwittingly, betrayed  
This heart of mine, into a snare,  
Ere yet it dreamed of danger there.

I, who have laughed at Woman's power,  
Now feel it, in an evil hour ;  
I fancied, I could view thy charms  
Without once feeling love's alarms ;  
And vainly thought, that friendship's guise,  
Was shield secure, 'gainst radiant eyes !

I've been deceived :—too late, I find  
How much I've been to danger blind,  
And now must suffer ; but how deep the blow,  
My pride, exulting feels ; thou ne'er can'st know.

## THE SAILOR'S DEPARTURE.

O, fresh blows the gale o'er the wide mantling ocean,  
And proudly the frigate repels the white foam ;  
And high beats my heart with tumultuous emotion,  
On leaving, for fortune, my dear native home.

Perhaps for the last time, my father has blest me,  
I see his white locks, and the tears on his cheek ;  
And my mother—how close to her bosom she press'd  
me !  
And kiss'd me, and sobb'd, as her kind heart would  
break.

I may roam through the wide world, and friendship may  
court me,  
And love on my cheek its soft characters trace,  
But ne'er shall affection lend ought to support me,  
So sacred—so pure as that parting embrace.

Friends and protectors ! when dangers surround me,  
When pleasure, when wealth spread their lures for my  
fame,  
That moment's good angel shall hover around me,  
To chase ev'ry thought that would dishonor your name.

## BRING FLOWERS.

[By Mrs. Hemans.]

Bring flowers, young flowers for the festal board,  
To wreath the cup 'ere the wine is poured ;  
Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale ;  
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,  
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,  
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path,  
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath ;  
He comes with the spoils of the nations back—  
The vines he crushed in his chariot's track—  
The turf looks red where he won the day—  
Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's way.

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;  
Of the free blue stream, and the glorious sky,  
And the bright world shut from his languid eye :  
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,  
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild flow-  
ers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear ;  
They were born to blush in her shining hair ;  
She is leaving the house of her childish mirth ;  
She has bid farewell to her father's hearth,  
Her place is now by another's side—  
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,  
A crown for the brow of the early dead !  
For this, through the leaves has the white rose burst ;  
For this, in the woods, was the violet nurs'd.  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
They are love's last gift—bring flowers, bring flowers.

Bring flowers to the shrine, when we kneel to prayer ;  
They are nature's offering, their place is there :  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart ;  
With a voice of promise they come and part—  
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours :  
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bring flowers.

## CHARMS OF THE FAIR.

Like the star-rays that beam  
On the blush of the rose ;  
Like the fanciful dream  
In the noon-tide repose ;  
Like the moon's mellow ray,  
Or the red cherry's hue ;  
Like the dawn of the day

To the mariner's view—  
Is the rich ruddy smile on the face of the fair,  
The balm of the blest, and the solace of care !

Like the gold-gilded sky  
At the evening's close ;  
Like the ruby-eyed dye  
Of the opening rose ;  
Like the tulip beside  
The white lilies that bleach ;  
Like the rosy rich pride  
Of the ripening peach—

Is beauty's bright blush on the face of young love,  
The type of the virtue of angels above !

Like a star 'neath the waves  
In a perilous night ;  
Like the violet that laves  
In the dawn's dewy light ;  
Like the blue bell when hung  
With the drops of the shower ;  
Like the chilly frost flung  
On the sensitive flower—  
Is the bright eye of woman dissolving in tears ;  
Oh ! then she most lovely and charming appears !

## SLAUGHTER OF THE FIRST "INNOCENT."

—She had retired at noon  
Beneath the roof which for a little while  
Had canopied the fairest and the first  
In bright creation. As I rose from prayer,  
I watch'd her steal with timid steps, and lay  
Her sleeping infant (half in sacred fear)  
On the same couch late hallowed by his God.  
She knelt, and on her circling arms reclined :  
The babe's soft breathings to her matron heart  
Made blessed music, and her innocent thoughts,  
Free from distracting care, had wove a dream  
So light 'twas scarcely slumber, yet more warm  
Than life. I mark'd it on her glowing cheek  
And the sweet smiles which lighten'd, play'd, and went  
Like sunbeams on the dark and heavy cloud  
Which even then hung o'er her. Suddenly—  
I cannot now define that wildering pause  
Of doubt and horror—the quick flash of steel—  
The boisterous rush of men—the murderous blow,  
Ere his sweet sleep had vanished—consecrate  
Upon the holy shrine of guilty earth.  
The first young martyr in his Saviour's cause  
Died with that smile upon his rosy lips,  
His spirit wears in heaven.

## A NEW SONG.

Cloudless o'er the blushing water,  
Now the setting sun is burning,  
Like a victor red with slaughter,  
To his tent in triumph turning !  
Ah ! perchance these eyes may never  
Look upon his light again !  
Fare thee well ! bright orb, forever !  
Thou, for me, wilt rise in vain !  
But what gleams so white and fair,  
Heaving with the heaving billow ?  
'Tis a sea-bird wheeling there,  
O'er some wretch's wat'ry pillow !  
No ! it is no bird I mark !  
Joy ! it is a boat—a sail !  
And yonder rides a gallant bark,  
Uninjur'd by the gale !  
O transport ! my Huon ! haste down to the shore ;  
Quick—quick ! for a signal this scarf shall be wav'd !  
They see me ! they answer ! they ply the strong oar !  
My husband ! my love ! we are sav'd !—we are sav'd !

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